

She makes a bowl of popcorn,
we manage three glasses each
per bottle of Cold Duck, there
are old movies or we just talk,
and I don't have to worry about
crashing the car or getting
beat up by neanderthal urban
cowboys.

I was recommending it to a friend,
half expecting groans of censure,
but he knew just how I felt.
"It's called maturity," he said,
"it happens to the best of us."

ODE FOR THE VERY SEPARATE

Dress for comfort
because at ease, you'll look your best.
Resist the temptation
to complain about growing older
we all do, and anyway
you can always call it maturity.

By the same token
stories about how much fun
we had in the good old days
must be avoided like the plague.

Forget about your hair
there's not much you can do about it
and don't kid yourself into believing
a beard or a mustache
will divert attention
from a bald spot or a receding hairline.

Do your work
don't talk too much
expect nothing
know your limits and stick to them
leave early.